

The 8th's Appeal.

Remember, my dear dear nation, how,

How it is the nation's name,

That it is not with us, and

As, Davis, Sumner, Seward,

Have not yet been, will ye discard

Our glorious name?

Shall all their blood be spilled in vain, naught,

And lie their glorious name?

Will we stand idly, listlessly,

And see the flag trailed low?

Shall traitors separate this land?

Hark! Washington says he,

I shall rebels raise their traitorous flag

On precious holy land?

Will not our freemen rise to arms

And punish Morgan's band?

Will freemen, for the sake of gold,

On fortune's tide be born?

Remain at home in wealth and ease

And see the banner torn?

Will ye toil on from day to day

To heap up wealth and ease,

And see the traitors' flag still float

Unharm'd upon the breeze?

House! House!! ye braves, to Arms! to Arms!!
House and defend your flag,
March on to victory or death,
Hurl down the three bar'd rag!

Oh! Speed thee, speed thee glorious cause,
This land shall yet be free;
The slave shall yet rejoice and shout
For Union, Liberty.

Will.